DARK
HORSE
COMICS
SPOON
#41
by
Eric Powell
Mark Buckingham

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

colors by Bill Farmer and Eric Powell

The Bog Lurk That Lurked Like a Thing!
A Bad Thing!

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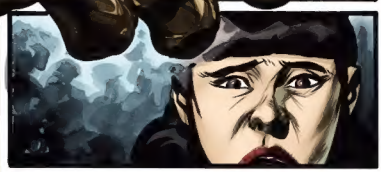
AT ONE TIME, I THOUGHT MYSELF IMPRESSIVE.

NOW I BEG FOR SCRAPS FROM THOSE WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE I HOLD IN CONTEMPT.
HERE I SIT. THE OLD, ONE-EYED FOOL.

ARE YOU MR. CORPUS? I-I HEARD YOU... YOU CAN...

JUST GIVE ME THE MONEY.

GREED. THAT'S WHY THEY COME TO ME. THIS WOMAN, SHE'LL SAY IT'S LOVE, BUT IT'S GREED. IF IT WERE LOVE, SHE WOULD WANT IT RETURNED FREELY.



WITCHCRAFT FOR HIRE. IT'S A MEAGER LIVING, BUT THE CHAOS IS REWARDING.

THE FIRST WOMAN THAT HIRED ME TO CURE HER UNREQUITED LOVE WAS A HOMELY AND POOR CHILD. THE MAN SHE WANTED WAS HANDSOME, RICH, AND BETROTHED TO A DETERGENT HEIRESS.

INHERITING A SOAP FORTUNE. THERE IS SOMETHING IRONIC ABOUT THAT, BUT I CAN'T QUITE PUT MY FINGER ON IT.
DYNASTY DETERGENT

THIS HOMELY AND POOR GIRL ASKED ME TO HELP HER WIN THE HEART OF HER TRUE LOVE. FOR A FEW DOLLARS I WAS HAPPY TO OBLIGE.

SO I MADE HIM A FREAK. NO ONE AS HANDSOME AS HE WOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT GIRL SERIOUSLY. IT WAS THE BEST THING TO DO.

AND NO ONE WAS VERY INTERESTED IN DOING BUSINESS WITH A MAN WHOSE FACE HOLES POURED MUCUS CONSTANTLY, SO HIS WEALTH QUICKLY EVAPORATED. TWO BIRDS, ONE STONE.

BUT THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL PROVED NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF HER LOWLY RACE. THE HYPOCRITE. SHE HAD NO LOVE FOR THE MAN AFTER HE LOST HIS WEALTH AND CHARM.
IN A FIT OF RAGE OVER THE DASHING OF HER LOFTY DREAMS, SHE TOLD THE MAN HOW SHE HAD CURSED HIM. SHE ACTUALLY BLAMED THE WHOLE CALAMITY ON HIM FOR NOT LOVING HER IN THE FIRST PLACE.
HE SNAPPED HER NECK LIKE A TWIG.
BUT SO-CALLED JUSTICE PREVAILED WHEN THE FAMILY OF THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL HOCKED EVERYTHING THEY OWNED TO HIRE THE GOON'S REVENGE.

GOON THREW THE POOR CREATURE OFF A ROOFTOP.
THE HOMELY AND POOR GIRL DEAD, HER BELOVED DEAD, AND HER FAMILY LEFT DESTITUTE AND STARVING FROM THE PURCHASE OF HER REVENGE. THIS IS WHY I ALWAYS COLLECT THE MONEY FIRST.

THE ONLY ONE WHO MADE OUT BETTER THAN ME WAS THE SOAP QUEEN. SHE MARRIED AN EVEN RICHER, IF NOT AS HANDSOME, MAN...
WHO CAME TO A MYSTERIOUS END HIMSELF SHORTLY AFTER THE WEDDING.

WHEN YOU OWN A FORTUNE IN SOAP, I DOUBT YOU HAVE MANY WORRIES ABOUT WASHING THE BLOOD OFF YOUR HANDS.

IF ONLY HE KNEW I EXISTED! I KNOW HE WOULD LOVE ME, IF HE WOULD ONLY NOTICE ME.

DON'T WORRY. I'LL MAKE HIM NOTICE YOU.

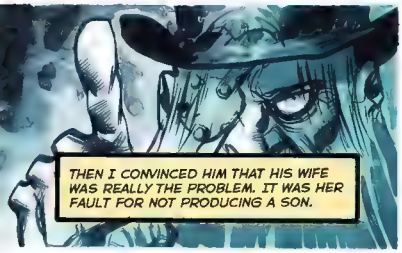
WHAT SHOULD I GIVE HER? A GIANT CLUBBED FOOT? A BULBOUS, BLOODSHOT EYE WHERE HER NOSE USED TO BE? A HORN OF STONE SPIRALING FROM THE SIDE OF HER HEAD?
POOR MASTER. CAST OUT AND PENNILESS. HAVING TO DO FAVORS FOR MANKIND FOR HIS BREAD. THEY DON'T APPRECIATE MY MASTER.
THE NEXT JOB I RECEIVED WAS IN REGARDS TO JEALOUSY. OF COURSE, JEALOUSY IS JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR GREED.
IT WAS A MAN WHO WAS BLESSED WITH FOUR LOVELY DAUGHTERS, BUT HE TOOK NO PRIDE IN THEM, BECAUSE HIS BROTHER HAD BORNE FIVE STRAPPING SONS TO CARRY ON THE FAMILY NAME.

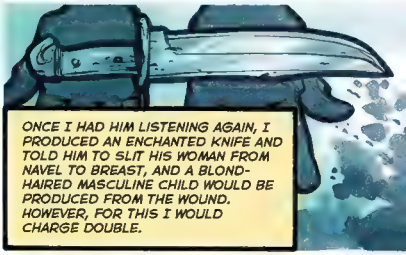
HIS AVARICE COULD TAKE NO MORE WHEN HIS BROTHER ANNOUNCED HIS WIFE WAS PREGNANT WITH A SIXTH CHILD, WHO EVERYONE ASSUMED WOULD BE ANOTHER BOY.
SO HE CAME TO ME. I ASSURED HIM THAT HIS BROTHER'S CHILD WOULD NOT BE A MAN.
AND IT WASN'T A MAN.
THE MOTHER DIED IN CHILDBIRTH. THE FATHER AND HIS FIVE SONS WERE EATEN BY THE THING SOON AFTER.

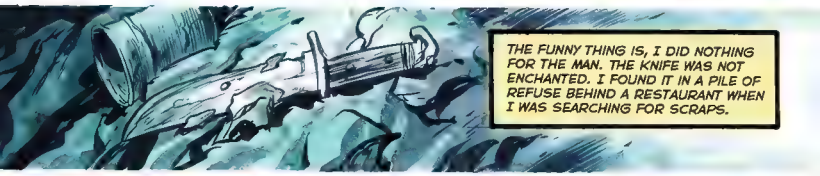
THE GOON FOUGHT THE THING IN THE STREET AFTER IT ESCAPED THE HOUSE AND ATTACKED SEVERAL PEOPLE.
THE POOR CHILD LIVED A VERY SHORT LIFE.

THE GREEDY BROTHER THEN CAME BACK TO ME CLAIMING THAT THAT WASN'T WHAT HE ASKED FOR.

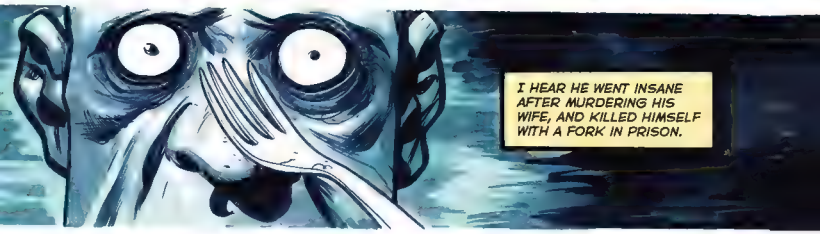
I TOLD HIM HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE SPECIFIC. HE PUT A PISTOL TO MY HEAD.


THEN I CONVINCED HIM THAT HIS WIFE WAS REALLY THE PROBLEM. IT WAS HER FAULT FOR NOT PRODUCING A SON.


ONCE I HAD HIM LISTENING AGAIN, I PRODUCED AN ENCHANTED KNIFE AND TOLD HIM TO SLIT HIS WOMAN FROM NAVEL TO BREAST, AND A BLOND-HAIRED MASCULINE CHILD WOULD BE PRODUCED FROM THE WOUND. HOWEVER, FOR THIS I WOULD CHARGE DOUBLE.


THE FUNNY THING IS, I DID NOTHING FOR THE MAN. THE KNIFE WAS NOT ENCHANTED. I FOUND IT IN A PILE OF REFUSE BEHIND A RESTAURANT WHEN I WAS SEARCHING FOR SCRAPS.

AND THE FOOL ACTUALLY BELIEVED ME. WELL, AFTER YOU SEE A SIX-EYED HELLHOUND, I SUPPOSE YOU'RE LIABLE TO BELIEVE ANYTHING. BUT I WAS PAID TWICE FOR THAT JOB. WHICH WAS GOOD.


I HEAR HE WENT INSANE AFTER MURDERING HIS WIFE, AND KILLED HIMSELF WITH A FORK IN PRISON.

POOR MASTER. MAN SO MISTREATS MY MASTER. MY MASTER SHOULD HAVE CURSED THAT MAN, GOON, AND MADE HIM INTO A DEFORMED BEAST. OR GIVEN HIM A DISEASE THAT CONSUMED HIS BRAINS.
IT DOESN'T WORK THAT WAY, YOU STUPID CAT. THERE ARE RULES TO THIS TYPE OF WORK.
THEY HAVE TO ASK FOR IT. THEY HAVE TO DAMN THEMSELVES.
AND YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THE HUMANS. THEY ARE NOT MY UNDOING. IT WAS MY OWN KIND THAT SHUNNED ME AND SET ME ON THIS PATH OF RUIN.
THAT'S WHY I LIKED WORKING WITH THE UNDEAD. YOU NEVER HAD TO WIN THEM OVER. YOU JUST TOOK. THERE ARE NO RULES IN THIS BUSINESS WHEN IT COMES TO A CORPSE.

I WISH NOTHING MORE THAN TO BE ABLE TO SEE THEM GROVEL AT MY FEET. TO SET MYSELF ABOVE THEM. AWAY FROM THEM!
IN FACT... THE ONLY LINK I HAVE TO MY ORDER ANY LONGER IS... YOU. MY FAMILIAR.
MASTER?
BUT, MASTER! I HAVE SERVED YOU LOYALLY! CAT EVEN GAVE MASTER HIS EYE.
BUT I COULD HAVE TWO.

MOST OF MY CLIENTELE HAVE BEEN MEN OF BUSINESS. SEEMS THEY CARE LESS ABOUT MY MESSY MEANS THAN MOST SINCE THEY ARE MY ONLY RETURN CUSTOMERS.
ONE OWNED A GIRDLE FACTORY. HE WAS HAVING TROUBLE WITH UNIONS. THE GOON HANDLED THAT AS WELL, SO I HEAR.*
*SEE THE GOON #38.
THEN THERE WAS THAT DEPARTMENT-STORE OWNER WHO WANTED HIS COMPETITOR OUT OF BUSINESS.
THE HAUNTING OF THE STORE LASTED FOR THREE WEEKS UNTIL THE CURSED ARTIFACT WAS FOUND.
AS YOU MIGHT HAVE GUESSED, THE GOON.

THE SWINDLERS, THE CONNIVERS, THE RAPERS OF MORAL, AND THE MURDERERS OF DECENCY. HOW I DO LOVE A GOOD, DRIVEN BUSINESSMAN. I'VE DONE MUCH WORK ON THEIR BEHALF.
WHEN YOU JUDGE THEM ILL, YOU JUDGE THEM WRONGLY. FOR THEY ARE TRUE MASTERS. I AM PROOF. I, A BEING OF POWER AND SKILL IN THE BLACK ARTS, SERVE THEM. I HELP THEM VANQUISH THEIR ENEMIES SO THEY MAY MAINTAIN THEIR LIVES OF RICHES AND INFLUENCE.
WHILE I, THEIR BETTER AND THEIR SERVANT, LIVE IN SQUALOR.
HOW I DO RESPECT THEM.
OF COURSE, EVERYTHING HAS AN OPPOSING FORCE. THE GOON HINDERS OR UNDOES MOST OF THE GLORIOUS WORKS I DO FOR THESE MEN OF AUTHORITY.
YOU MAY BE WONDERING IF I AM UPSET ABOUT THAT. NOT AT ALL. I WAS PAID. AND THE GOON SERVES HIS PURPOSE, AS DO I.
WE ALL SERVE OUR PURPOSES.

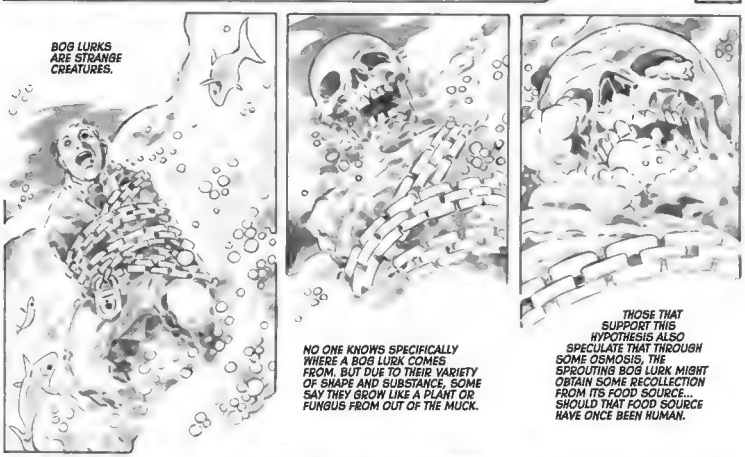
Norton's PUB
THE OTHERS LIKE ME, WHAT'S LEFT OF MY KIND...
. . . THEY WANT THIS PLACE, THE BLACK POWER IT HOLDS FOR THOSE WITH THE SKILL TO HARNESS IT. . .

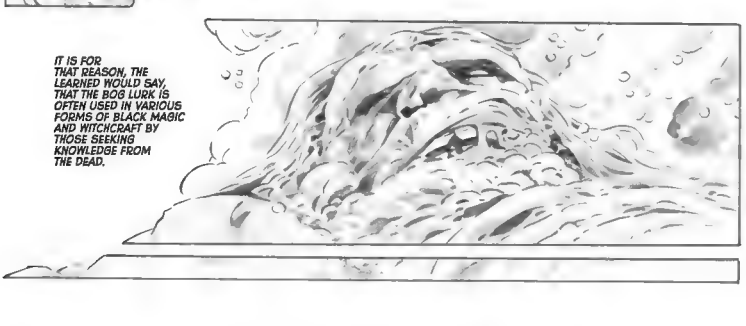
THEY'LL MOST LIKELY KILL ME.
THEY'LL MOST DEFINITELY KILL YOU.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO FACE.

CONTINUED...

THE BOG LURK THAT LURKED LIKE A THING!
A BAD THING!
WRITTEN BY ERIC POWELL • DRAWN BY MARK BUCKINGHAM
LETTERING BY NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®
SAMMY WILMER WAS AN ELECTRIC CAN OPENER SALESMAN FROM OSHKOSH. HIS CONSCIENCE WAS FREE FROM ANY TRANSGRESSIONS OF SIGNIFICANCE.
I WAS JUST TRYING TO SELL SOME CAN OPENERS!
SO NOW HE FOUND HIMSELF TIED TO THREE HUNDRED POUNDS OF CHAIN ON A PIER WAS A COMPLETE MYSTERY TO HIM.
DON'T GIVE US THAT BULL! YOUSE WORKS FOR GOON!
GOON SENT YOU TO SPY ON OUR OPERATION, DIDN'T HE?! FESS UP!
YEAH! YOU WAS GONNA RAT US OUT!
WELL, YOU AIN'T MOUTHIN' TO NOBODY BUT THE FISHES!
I SELL CAN OPENERS!
SPLSH!

THE LAST BASEFUL THOUGHT SAMMY WILMER HAD AS A LIVING, BREATHING MAN WAS--
BUT I DON'T EVEN KNOW THE GOON.


BOG LURKS ARE STRANGE CREATURES.
NO ONE KNOWS SPECIFICALLY WHERE A BOG LURK COMES FROM. BUT DUE TO THEIR VARIETY OF SHAPE AND SUBSTANCE, SOME SAY THEY GROW LIKE A PLANT OR FUNGUS FROM OUT OF THE MUCK.
THOSE THAT SUPPORT THIS HYPOTHESIS ALSO SPECULATE THAT THROUGH SOME OSMOSIS, THE SPROUTING BOG LURK MIGHT OBTAIN SOME RECOLLECTION FROM ITS FOOD SOURCE... SHOULD THAT FOOD SOURCE HAVE ONCE BEEN HUMAN.


IT IS FOR THAT REASON, THE LEARNED WOULD SAY, THAT THE BOG LURK IS OFTEN USED IN VARIOUS FORMS OF BLACK MAGIC AND WITCHCRAFT BY THOSE SEEKING KNOWLEDGE FROM THE DEAD.

FOR THE BOG LURK IS SUCH A DIMWITTED CREATURE THAT ITS PERSONALITY IS EASILY OVERWRITTEN BY WHATEVER SMALL REMNANT OF INTELLECT IT CONSUMES...
...EVEN IF IT IS AS LITTLE AS MISGUIDED RAGE AND THE NAME THAT GOES WITH IT.
GOON!
ALL THIS IS SPECULATION, OF COURSE.

ARE YOU TELLIN' ME THAT THEM THINGS IS MADE OUTTA BUTTHOLES?!
YEP. BUTTHOLES AND INTESTINES.
WELL, FELLA, THAT'S THE BEST BUTTHOLE I EVER ATE!
GOON, GET OUTTA THE GUTTER AND TRY THIS GUY'S BUTTHOLES!
I CAN'T! DAMN SEWER KID STOLE MY CAR KEYS!
GIMME THEM KEYS!
HSSSS!
GOON!
YOU BEST GET YOUR ARM OUTTA THAT STORM DRAIN. LOOKS LIKE THAT THING WANTS TO HIT YOU IN THE HEAD.
I CAN'T! IT'S STUCK!
DAMN YOU, SEWER KID!

WHY IS IT WHEN SOME FREAK OF NATURE COMES OUT OF THE MUCK HE'S ALWAYS GOTTA MAKE STRAIGHT FOR HITTIN' ME IN THE HEAD?
PROBABLY BECAUSE YOU GOT SUCH A BIG HEAD.
IT'S KINDA HARD TO MISS.
IF I WASN'T HANDCUFFED TO A PIPE, I'D SMACK YOU.
GOON! DIE!
TO BE CONTINUED

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